

# Oxford Democrat.

AUG. 1

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, JULY 31, 1837.

NUMBER 51.

VOLUME 4.

**OXFORD DEMOCRAT.**  
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY  
G. W. MILLETT.  
TERMS—One dollar and fifty cents in advance.  
One dollar & seventy-five cents at the end of six months.  
Two dollars at the end of the year.  
No paper discontinued till all dues are paid, but at the option of the Publisher.  
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the usual terms, the proprietor not being accountable for any error in any advertisement beyond the amount charged for it.  
CONVEYANCES, and LETTERS on business must be addressed to the publisher, Post-paid.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.  
**Election of Mr. Adams by the House of Representatives.**

Time rolled on, unimpeded in its course by the tide of human affairs or human wishes, though to the anxious mind it seemed to linger. The elections of the states were over—the returns received, and it was left with Congress to elect one of the three highest candidates. These were General Jackson, Mr. Adams and Mr. Crawford. A new field for intrigue and effort was now opened—but I check a pen, whose limited design is to portray only domestic scenes and sentiments.

The decisive day at length arrived. It was a downright snow storm. Aware of the attraction which would draw every one to the capitol, Mr. Crawford and his family seated themselves round the blazing fire in the drawing room without any fear of being interrupted by visitors. No expectation existed of the election being decided the first day—it was even supposed that it might remain in suspense and the balloting be continued for many days—possibly to the last day of the session; consequently little anxiety was felt about the result of that morning's balloting. The subject was little spoken of or thought of in this family circle—I dreamt last night, papa, that I had churned a fine batch of butter, which I brought in my milk pail to show you, and which you praised as the best butter you had ever eaten. "And I dreamt," said the other daughter, "that I was in our garden at Woodlawn gathering strawberries." "It is more than likely, girls, that your dreams will come true," answered their father. "I do wish they would," said the mother; "I am sure we should be far happier at home than we could ever be in the President's house."

"How can you say so?" exclaimed a domesticated friend, who was present. "After a struggle of two years, defeat will be very hard to bear—even in a game of chess it requires some philosophy to take it patiently."

"I cannot deny that," answered Mrs. Crawford—"it is only the mortification of defeat I care for on every other account most sincerely do I wish we may go to Woodlawn, instead of the White house. I am sure we should be far happier."

"Let us have our book," said Mr. Crawford, "and while one of you read to me, I will likewise have a game of chess with one of the boys."

The book was so interesting that the election going on at the capitol was for the time forgotten. The storm continued raging. It looked gloomy without doors, but bright, warm and cheerful within.

The snow prevented the sound of wheels from being heard on the ground, and before any one was aware of the approach of a carriage, the door opened, and Mr. D. entered. The suddenness of his entrance made every one start; his face was flushed with emotion—his manner hurried.

"Hundred's would be in haste to bring good tidings," said he, "but I come with bad news. Adams is chosen on the first ballot."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Mr. Crawford. "I thought would have been Jackson; well I am glad it is over." Not a change of tone of voice, or of countenance, evinced any quick or deep feeling; and being glad it was over, was a declaration as natural as it was sincere—for suspense is of all states most intolerable.

The family received the information with as little emotion as Mr. Crawford.

"Well observed Mrs. C., 'one thing consoles me—the disappointment is of God and not of man, for had Mr. Crawford been in good health it would not have been so.'"

Soon afterwards another carriage drove to the door.—Mr. L. came in looking very much cast down, and shaking Mr. Crawford's outstretched hand, said in a voice as melancholy as his countenance, "It is all over."

Mr. Cobb, who had accompanied him, was so much agitated, he could not immediately see Mr. C., but went into the dining room. Mrs. Crawford and her daughters went to him—he shook their hands, and brushing away the tears, which in spite of his endeavors, would gush to his eyes—"Well, girls," said he, "you may pack up as soon as you please." He could say no more—his voice was suffocated by emotion. His feelings were those of an ardently attached friend, not those of a disappointed politician. "Come," said Mrs. C., shaking hands with him, "you may as well laugh as cry—come in and see papa, but not with that gloomy face." It was some time however, before he could control his feelings—at last he went into the drawing-room, laughing and clapping his hands as if in great excitement, calling out, "Adams has it—Adams has it—hurrah for Adams." Mr. Crawford took his offered hand, and smiled, as he said, "Why Cobb, you are laughing the wrong side of your mouth." "As well laugh as cry," answered he

rubbing his hand. "Your laugh however looks very much like a cry," replied his friend, laughing himself at Mr. Cobb's wry face.

"No more drawing rooms, young ladies," said Mr. Cobb, turning to the girls, "you may go home to the dairy and learn to make butter and cheese, and spin cotton for your own clothes."

"My dream will come true, after all," said Miss C.

"And what shall I do?" said a little girl of seven years old.

"You? Lord know—pick cotton seed I suppose."—"No, no, said the fond mother, 'she shall reel the cotton yarn. I have a pretty little reel that goes click, click.'"

"The child jumped for joy; and as for you," continued the mother, taking her youngest in her arms, "you darling, shall hold the spoons."

"And what are we to do?" cried the rest of the boys. "Why, go to the plough to be sure, all except—, the eldest son. We must have one gentleman in the family, so he must be a lawyer."

After awhile, every one quietly seated themselves to listen to the detailed account, given by one of the gentlemen, of the mode in which the business had been conducted, and of the causes that produced this unexpected result; which narration was often interrupted by exclamations from Mr. Cobb, "Treachery—treachery."

"Hush, hush," said Miss C. "Do not use such rash words; hard names and bad words will not alter the matter."

"It is enough to ruffle the temper of a better man than me," reiterated the ardent Mr. Cobb. "Such treachery and cowardice—"

Among other incidents, one of the gentlemen mentioned that Mr. Randolph, who counted the ballots, after announcing the result, exclaimed, "It was impossible to win the game, gentlemen—the cards were packed." "And that," said Mr. Cobb, "is the fact. The people have been tricked out of the man of their choice."

About tea time, four or five other senators and members came in; the conversation naturally turned on the events of the day; each had some interesting characteristic incident to relate. What developments! what machinery—wheel within wheel, and all put in motion by the mainspring. One mind—one individual, governing and directing the actions of others, who perhaps never suspect themselves of being the mere agents of the master spirit.

The President elected by the People! The President elected by the House of Representatives!—an article of the constitution—a fine theoretical principle. But is it the fact? The forms of government may vary and modify the modes of human life, but cannot change the principles of human nature; and from the savage hordes who roam the wilderness, unclothed and unshod, to the most civilized and enlightened communities, the few ever have and ever will govern the many. The subdivisions of society move like satellites round the central luminary. It is an elementary principle, which no forms of government can subvert. But my pen is wandering from its humble path.

The tea table was removed—cards and chess were introduced, and parties arranged for the different games, which were played without much interruption to conversation.

That ease, which certainly, after long endured suspense, imparted to the mind, is a pleasurable sensation, that for a time it is a compensation for disappointment and defeat. Relieved from the pressure of anxiety, the spirits of the company rose with an elastic force, and every one seemed inspired with an unusual degree of gaiety; but, whatever the cause, the fact was certain, that they were very merry, and joked and laughed in all honesty and sincerity. Two of the gentlemen said they would look in at the President's drawing-room, and return and report what they might see and hear. It was near eleven o'clock when they came back. The concourse was so great, that it was with difficulty they had effected their entrance—the mass so compact that individuals could scarcely move, but were carried along by the pressure of the crowd without any agency of their own. "Pray, sir, take your finger out of my ear." "I will, madam, the moment I can move my arm." Such and many more ludicrous incidents did the gentlemen relate.

Persons who never before had found an entrance into good company, had this night forced themselves in notwithstanding the vigilance of the marshal who guarded the door way. General Scott had been robbed of his pocket book, containing bills to a large amount, and much mirth occasioned by the idea of pick-pockets in the President's drawing room.

"Mr. Adams was there," said one of the company, "but was less an object of attention than General Jackson who was surrounded by persons of all parties." "This sympathy with the conquered, instead of the conqueror, is honorable to human nature," observed one of the company. "That may be doubtful," said Mr. Adams. Many were angry and disappointed at Mr. Adams's success. No unkindly feelings were excited by General Jackson's defeat. Self-love is humiliated by another's success, but if Rochefoucault is to be believed, self-love is gratified by the misfortunes of even one's friends.

"General Jackson," continued Mr. W., "went up and shook hands with Mr. Adams,

and congratulated him very cordially on his election."

"That was a useless piece of hypocrisy," said Mr. Crawford; "it deceived no one. Shaking hands was very well—was right, but the congratulatory speech might have been omitted. I like honesty in all things."

"And Mr. ——— too was there. Had you but seen him—so smiling—so courteous—so exulting—every glance of his eye—every smile of his lip said plainer than words could say—I have settled this matter—I have made the President."

"Curse him," said Mr. Cobb. "No, no," said Mr. Crawford; "he may and probably did act conscientiously."

"By \* \* \* \* \*

But disappointed people will say hard things. It grew later. The company made their adieus, and Mr. Crawford retired to his chamber. When the fact of his election was communicated to Mr. Adams by a committee appointed for that purpose, one of the gentlemen said that during their address the sweat rolled down Mr. Adams's face; he shook from head to foot, and was so agitated he could scarcely stand or speak. Every one knows he is a man of keen sensibility and strong feelings, and taken by surprise, as he certainly was, his agitation was not to be wondered at.

The heavy and continued snow-storm on the day of election was considered a favorable circumstance, as it prevented the assemblage of crowds or mobs, as had been apprehended. In one ward of the city an effigy of Mr. A——— had been prepared, and had it not been for the storm would have been burned; and this, most probably, would have produced some riot among his friends particularly the negroes, who, when his election was declared, were the only persons who expressed their joy by loud huzzas.

Among the higher classes, no exultation was evinced; respect and sympathy for the disappointed candidates silenced any expressions of triumph. In fact never was the social principle more fully developed. Party hostility was instantly extinguished—a simultaneous spirit of kindness appeared in all classes of society. Rivalry being extinct, suspicion vanished—confidence revived. The storm was passed—sunshine returned, and diffused its warmth and cheerfulness over the whole social system.

Even the clapping in the gallery of Congress Hall, was sudden and momentary. It was silenced by loud hisses, before the command of the speaker to clear the galleries could have been heard. Silenced by popular feeling! and a word from the chair, without the application of any force, instantly cleared the galleries.

How admirable are our institutions! What a contrast does this election by the House of Representatives form to the election of Polish Diet. There, as General Lafayette observed, foreign armies surrounded the assembly and controlled the elections. In Washington, on the 9th of February, not a sign of civil or military authority interfered with the freedom of the election. "I rejoice," added this veteran, "I rejoice to have seen this government pass through such an ordeal. It disappoints the calculations and expectations of the enemies of republican institutions."

And the mode or form of this election—how simple and dignified.

The counting of the votes of the electoral colleges, was done by the Senate and House conjointly. Foreign ministers, strangers of distinction, and Gen. Lafayette were present; but when the Senate rose, and the House of Representatives formed itself into a body of states, to elect the President, the Senators withdrew from the floor, and all other persons from the house.

"What, even General Lafayette?"

"Yes," replied Mr. L., who was describing the scene, "had General Washington himself been there, he too must have been withdrawn." The delegation of each State sat together, and after ascertaining by ballot which candidate had the majority in the state, an individual of the delegation was chosen to put the ballot in the ballot box. The whole proceeding was conducted with silence, order and dignity; and after the ballots were all given in, Mr. Webster and Mr. Randolph were appointed the tellers. It was Mr. Webster who, with an audible and distinct voice, announced that J. Q. Adams was elected, when Mr. Randolph made the speech already related.

The day succeeding this eventful one, was warm and bright. The dazzling whiteness of the snow that covered the ground, increased the splendor of the unclouded sunshine. The whole city seemed in motion; carriages whirled along the avenue, and the foot paths were crowded with pedestrians. Citizens and strangers, ladies and gentlemen, hastening to pay their respects not only to the President elect, but to General Jackson and Mr. Crawford, whose drawing-room was never vacant from eleven o'clock in the morning to eleven o'clock at night. But he did not seem as well as usual; the excitement had perhaps been too much for him, and a reaction took place. He looked pale and languid and serious. In the evening he kept the younger children up later than usual. At twilight he took the two little ones, as his custom, on his knees, wrapping his arms a-

round them, and seemed to feel, with more than his accustomed tenderness, their innocent caresses. Often he was seen to press them to his bosom, to kiss their cheeks, their lips. The little girl, (an affectionate little creature,) kneeling on his lap, would hug and kiss him—smooth his hair—stroke his cheeks. Mrs. Crawford, thinking she might tease or fatigue her father, would have taken her away. "No, no," said he, "when he sat down to his game of whist, he put the children on the sofa by him. There they stood, playing all manner of little tricks—bobbing their heads now here, now there—kissing first one, then the other cheek—untying his cravat, pulling his hair; but nothing they did disturbed him, though in general he was impatient of any interruption while playing whist or chess—but this evening he never checked them, nor would he permit their being sent to bed, but every now and then turned to pat their cheeks and kiss them."

Amiable, warm-hearted man! Affection proved the most effectual to heal the wound inflicted by disappointed ambition.

From the Maine Farmer.  
**COST OF A WEST POINT CADET.**

Some of our readers are undoubtedly aware, that there has been a strong feeling of opposition in some sections of the United States to the military school at West Point.

A Committee was appointed by Congress, to examine into the state of the school, and to inquire into its utility, and the truth of the objections and allegations brought against it. A report was made by F. O. J. Smith, Member of Congress and Chairman of the Committee, strongly in opposition to the school. This report has been taken up by some one; probably some officer in the Army, who has undertaken to answer the objections, and has published a pamphlet consisting of the report in part, and his remarks annexed in parallel columns. Without expressing an opinion here in regard to the West Point school, whether it is or is not necessary or useful, we would beg leave to draw the attention of our readers to one point of the report which affords some astonishing facts, and which the reviewer, in his remarks, does not do away.

It is in regard to the expenses of a cadet while going through the four years allotted for studying in said school. It may be well to observe, that when a young man has been admitted into the school, his bills are paid by the United States, or in other words the United States take him and support and educate him, for four years; and then, (unless he resigns) they employ him in the army as an officer of some grade or other, at a salary of not less than \$750, per year. Now all this may be right, and a good plan; and if it could be done at a reasonable rate, we should have no sort of objection to it. But listen to the report, and see how much it takes from the public chest to do this. We will give the words of the report, and afterwards the answer to them. After referring to certain tables showing a list of expenditures, and which accompany the report, he says—"From these data it appears that, during the period mentioned, the net expense to the Government to educate a Cadet for the duration and station of an officer in the army, of the lowest grade known in the service, has been in some instances as high as Twenty-four thousand and three hundred and sixty dollars, and in no instance less than One thousand four hundred and thirty-two dollars and forty-four cents, including the expenditures for buildings, and without these charges, as high as Thirty-one thousand five hundred and twenty dollars for a single cadet, and never less than nine hundred and three dollars, and this including only such expenditures as are ascertained to have been actually bestowed. It is known, nevertheless, that it is now out of the power of the Government to ascertain the whole extent of the actual expenditures made during several years upon the institution, because of the mode in which the accounts of them were kept, and also from the destruction of documents by fire in 1814. The same tables show that the Government has expended, to a certainty, Three millions, two hundred and sixty-eight thousand, five hundred and seventeen dollars and forty-four cents, in conducting the Academy since its institution conducting the Academy since its institution and prior to 1834, this amount apportioned equally among the whole number of Cadets that had in the mean time graduated at the Academy, viz. 784, demonstrates the average cost of the education of each to the government, to have been four thousand one hundred and sixty-nine dollars & two cents; and four thousand seven hundred and twenty-two cents for each one graduated since 1815, and three thousand ninety-eight dollars and five cents, if nothing but pay, forage and subsistence be brought into account. If the same sums were apportioned among those graduates who have actually entered the public service and continued in actual service, not merely as supernumeraries; the expense of each would be increased to the extent of two fifths of the above sums. It will be recollected that this calculation of the Secretary of war, founded in experience, was in 1831, that only twenty-two of every forty graduates entered the service, hence the expenses of each to the government is about six thousand dollars."

What do you think of that? A lad is fortunate enough to be admitted into the school, we say fortunate enough, for it is not every one that can get in, is taken and given a good education at the expense of six thousand dollars, and then, if he pleases, he can be employed as an officer in the army, but if he does not please why he resigns and goes about other business; and thus gets his education for nothing.

We would not wish to have the school discontinued at present, for as long as other people will fight and we have a country to defend, we ought to make provision against their rapacity or selfishness. But we do verily believe that the cadets could be as well qualified for a vastly smaller sum than they have been heretofore. We really do not see the necessity of squandering money, when a prudent use of it will do better in accomplishing the object. The reviewer of the report does not do away in the least this part of it. His answer to it is as follows—

"It would have been but fair to have stated that every cent ever expended for the Institution has been carefully noted, and this aggregate divided by the number of graduates alone, to get the cost of each. Well, this is perhaps very well, and a good rule for estimating the true value of public servants. Let the total expenditure at the seat of Government for the accommodation of members of Congress, with all other incidental expenses, as pay, proper mileage, books, patent rifles, &c. be added into a round sum, and the total number of members for a divisor. Let similar quotients be found for the naval and military establishments, then let the value of each sailor or soldier, then let these sums be presented to the people, and their opinion be asked of their penny's worth."

This is a pretty good turn by way of a joke, but it is no argument, and the allegation stands unanswered. It is a fact which the people ought to know; and for this reason we have taken the pains we have, to give it to those who read our paper for their special consideration.

PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

The passage of the Israelites, and the place where they crossed the Red Sea, are thus discussed in the "Incidents of Travel," by an American:

"Late in the afternoon, we landed on the opposite side, on the most sacred spot connected with the wanderings of the Israelites, where they rose from the dry bed of the sea, and at the command of Moses the divided waters rushed together, overwhelming Pharaoh and his chariots and the whole host of Egypt. With the devotion of a pious pilgrim, I picked up a shell and put it into my pocket as a memorial of the place; and then Paul and I, mounting the dromedaries which my guide had brought down to the shore in readiness, rode to a grove of palm trees, shading a fountain of bad water, called ayoun Moussa, or the fountain of Moses. I was riding carelessly along, looking behind me towards the sea, and had almost reached the grove of palm trees, when a large flock of crows flew out, and my dromedary, frightened with their sudden whizzing, started back and threw me twenty feet over his head, completely clear of his long neck, and left me sprawling in the sand. It was a mercy I did not finish my wanderings where the children of Israel began theirs; but I saved my head at the expense of my hands, which sank in the loose soil up to the wrist, and bore the marks for more than two months afterward. I seated myself when I fell; and as the sun was just dipping below the horizon, told Paul to pitch the tent with the door towards the place of the miraculous passage. I shall never forget that sunset scene, and it is the last I shall inflict upon the reader. I was sitting on the sand on the very spot where the chosen people of God, after walking over the dry bed of the sea, stopped to behold the divided waters returning to their place, and swallowing up the host of the pursuers. The mountains on the other side looked dark and portentous, as if proud and conscious witnesses of the mighty miracle; while the sun descending slowly behind them, long after it had disappeared, left a reflected brightness, which illuminated with an almost supernatural light the dark surface of the water."

"But to return to the fountain of Moses. I am aware that there is some dispute as to the precise spot where Moses crossed; but having no time for skepticism on such matters, I began by making up my mind that this was the place, and then looked around to see whether, according to the account given in the Bible, the face of the country and the natural landmarks did not sustain my opinion. I remember I looked up to the head of the gulf, where Suez or Kolsum now stands, and saw that, almost to the very head of the gulf, there was a high range of mountains which it would be necessary to cross—an undertaking which it would be physically impossible for 600,000 people, men, women, and children, to accomplish, with a hostile army pursuing them. At Suez, Moses could not have been hemmed in as he was; he could go off into the Syrian desert, or, unless the sea has greatly changed since that time, he could head of the gulf. But here, directly opposite to where I sat, was an opening in the mountains making a clear passage from the desert to the shore of the sea."



From the Richmond Enquirer.

A BEAUTIFUL SKETCH OF A PATRIOT AND A MAN.

Departed this life on the 29th of last month, at Buck Spring, in the county of Warren, North Carolina, the venerable NATHANIEL MACON, in the 79th year of his age. For three or four weeks he had suffered from a spasmodic affection of the chest and stomach, but it was not so severe as seriously to interrupt his usual exercise and employment. About four days before his death he was partially confined to the house—enjoying, however, with his usual flow of spirits, the society and conversation of his numerous friends, who visited him daily, and watched with anxious and distressful solicitude every symptom which threatened to snatch from them their dearest and best friend and benefactor. He retained his intellectual faculties to the last—his conversation was cheerful—his mind tranquil and composed, until the scenes of life closed upon him. In this most afflictive dispensation, it must be a source of great consolation to his numerous friends and relatives that he died in ripe old age, and without pain, and blessed, it is hoped, with the brightest claims to the rich rewards of a truly virtuous and eminently useful life.

Mr. Macon was one of the few patriots of the American Revolution who survived to tell the trials of that day to the present generation. In the memorable year 1776, then not 18 years old, and while a student at Princeton, New Jersey, burning with youthful ardor, and fired by holy enthusiasm in the cause of public liberty, he abandoned his collegiate duties, and performed a short tour of duty in a company of volunteers; thus, in his youth, evincing an attachment to those principles which, in afterlife, he supported with so much firmness, ability, and undeviating consistency. After his return from New Jersey, hearing of the fall of Charleston, S. C. in the spring of 1780, he joined the militia troops of his native State as a common soldier, and continued with them till the provisional articles of peace were signed in the fall of 1782. During this eventful period, he gave proofs of that indifference for office and emolument, and that unaffected devotedness to his country's good, which his future history so conspicuously illustrated. He served in the ranks as a common soldier—and though command and places of trust and confidence, as well as of relative ease and security, were often tendered him, he invariably declined them—desiring only to occupy the station and share the hardships and perils common to the greatest portion of his fellow soldiers—and although in very humble circumstances as to property, he never would charge or consent to receive one cent for such services. He gave his heart and soul to the cause in which he had embarked—he loved his country, and like a dutiful son, gave her in time of need—"twas all he had"—his personal services. And now that country smiles with prosperity, and has, with a munificence deserving all praise, made liberal provisions for the soldiers of the revolution, still did he decline the proffered bounty. Often has he been heard to say, (disclaiming all imputation upon others,) that no state of fortune could induce him to accept it. In those times, too, were developed the noble traits of Roman character which attracted to him the confidence and esteem of his countrymen. He became generally known throughout the State, and won for himself a popularity to which his country is indebted for his long and useful and illustrious services in the public councils. His countrymen elected him, while yet in the army, and scarcely twenty-four years of age, a member of the State Legislature without his solicitation or even knowledge—and, reluctant to part with his comrades in arms, he was induced only by the persuasions of his commanding officers to accept the station. After serving in this capacity many years, he was chosen at the age of thirty-two a member of Congress in the House of Representatives—and took seat at the 1st session of the 2d Congress, in 1791, which he filled uninterruptedly, under successive elections till the winter of 1815—when he was chosen by the Legislature a Senator in Congress without his solicitation, and in one sense against his wish; for his maxim was, "frequent elections and accountability at short intervals." In January, 1816, being then at Washington in the discharge of his duties as member of the House of Representatives, he resigned his seat in that body, and assumed his new station as Senator. On that occasion he declined and rejected double pay for travelling although abundant precedents entitled him to it. The Legislature continued to him this honorable distinction and high trust till November, 1828, when he was induced by "a sense of duty" springing out of his advanced age and infirmities, to resign—resigning at the same time the offices of justice of the peace and trustee of the university of North Carolina, both of which he filled for many years. During his Congressional career, he was chosen in 1801, at the 1st session of the 7th Congress, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and continued to preside over the deliberations of that body till the 10th Congress. The duties of the chair discharged by him with distinguished abilities, and an impartiality which secured the esteem and affection of his political friends, and won the confidence and admiration of his political adversaries. Not being able, from severe indisposition, to attend at the commencement of the 10th Congress, a new incumbent was elected to the chair. He was several times elected President pro tem, of the Senate, and the last time chosen to that station, he declined its acceptance. The office of Postmaster General was twice offered him. But office, however high, or emolument however great, had no charm for him. His engagement was always to his constituents and that he was determined to fulfil to the letter. No lure could tempt him

to lay it down. His was the ambition that prompted only to virtuous deeds. He sought with great earnestness and untiring industry the path of duty, and fearlessly pursued it—obliging no one from favor or affection, and yielding nothing to the suggestions of resentment or enmity. Indeed, there was no passion he would gratify at the expense of duty. In 1835 his fellow-citizens again called him from his cherished retirement, by electing him a member of the convention, charged with the important duty of revising and reforming the Constitution of his native State, of which body he was chosen president by unanimous suffrage. In 1836, he was chosen an elector of President and Vice President—on the republican ticket—and at the proper time repaired to the seat of Government, and performed the duty required of him. This was the closing act of Mr. Macon's public life.

Of his political creed it is scarcely necessary to speak. His uncheekered consistency—the frank and manly avowal of his opinions on all proper occasions—the prominent & distinguished part it was his lot to act in support of every republican administration, sufficiently proclaim it. Suffice it to say, he was a Republican of the old school—and possessed, without qualification or abatement, the affection and confidence of a Jefferson, a Madison, a Monroe, and a Jackson—and of the whole host of distinguished statesmen with whom he was a collaborer in the cause of democracy and free Government. His political principles were deep-rooted. He became attached to them from early examination, and was confirmed in their correctness from mature reason and long experience. They were the principles of genuine republicanism—and to them through life he gave a hearty, consistent, and available support. With them he never compromised; and the greater the pressure, the more pertinaciously he stood them. Adopting, to the fullest extent, the doctrine which allowed to man the capacity and the right to self-government, he was a strict constructionist of the Constitution of the United States—and never would consent, however strongly the law of circumstances—the common plea of tyrants—might demand it, to exercise doubtful powers. Jealous of federal authority, his most vigilant efforts were directed towards restraining it within due limits. A democrat by nature as well as education, he was persuaded, that on the popular part of every Government depends its real force—its welfare—its security—its permanence—its adaptation to the happiness of the people.

Though so long honored and so many years the depository of public confidence and public trusts, he had the rare merit of never having solicited any one to vote for him—or even intimated a wish that he should; and, though no one ever shared more fully the confidence and esteem of a large circle of warm and influential friends—his is the praise of never having solicited the slightest interest for his own promotion.

But it was in private life the rare excellencies of this great and good man shone brightest. "To be and not to seem," was his maxim. Disdaining the pride of power—despising hypocrisy as the lowest and meanest device—with an honest simplicity and Roman frankness of manners, he gave to intercourse an ease and freedom which make his society and conversation sought after by all who knew him. Indus the character of Mr. Macon, during every portion of his long life; and he was always truly exemplary in the discharge of every social and domestic duty. His love of justice and truth, and his integrity of heart, commanded universal confidence, esteem, and respect. In his dress, his manners, his habits, and mode of life, he indulged no fondness for superfluities; yet he never denied himself the use of what was necessary and convenient. The vainness of ostentation and the littleness of pride were alike disgusting to him. His neighbors, even the humblest, visited him without ceremony; and in all their difficulties, applied to him for advice and comfort, which he never failed to afford in a manner the most acceptable. The society of his neighborhood, embracing an unusually large circle, seemed, as it were, to constitute but one family, of which he was the head and the guide; and the rich stores of his mind were common property. Such was the moral influence which he exerted around him, that his example and his precept were allowed the force of law. His heart was the seat of benevolent affections; and that he enjoyed, while stant exercise, was sufficiently attested by the many of all ages and both sexes who attended his interment, with tears and deepest sorrow. And that he was not wanting in the offices of humanity was proven by the heart-rending scene exhibited by the moans and lamentations of his numerous black family, when they were permitted to view for the last time his mortal remains. They, indeed, had cause for sorrow. Never had slaves a kinder master. In every thing connected with their health and comfort, he made the most liberal and ample provision—in food, raiment, bedding, and dwellings. In sickness, his attentions to them were those of a kind and tender friend; nor did he neglect their moral instructions and discipline. He was fond of reading, but his favorite study was man. To this predilection did he owe that consummate knowledge of the human character, and those practical lessons of wisdom, of so much consequence to the conduct of life, which gave him rank among the "wisest and best."

Such was NATHANIEL MACON of North Carolina—the kind neighbor—the warm-hearted friend—the affectionate relative—the fearless advocate of public liberty—the enlightened

statesman—the just man. He has sunk to rest, but his memory will live in the hearts and affections of his countrymen, and in the recorded pages of his country's history.

The writer of this imperfect sketch knew him well, and is painfully sensible how inadequately it portrays his public services or private virtues. He offers it, however, as the humble tribute of grateful affection to the memory of one whom he both loved and admired.

From the N. Y. Sun.

A BEAR HUNT IN VERMONT.

I have just been reading 'Sketches of the eccentricities of David Crockett,' the great hunter of the west. But this same David Crockett is no part of a priming to a Vermont hunter, who stands six feet four without shoes or stockings—one of our regular built busters, who won't bourn no low any way, but the thunder shook him out of a rock; who will tare up a live oak tree with one hand, and wring off a bear's neck with the other—who will carry home panthers in his vest pocket, and eat wild cats with a spoon. David used to make a good four hours job of killing a bear, but a Vermont hunter over fifteen minutes if the bear is anything less than nine feet long—a genuine Vermont hunter—one who come out of the Green Mountains in a thunder storm, and who proved his manhood by slinging a panther over the mountain by the tail when he was eight years old, is a model for a modern hunter—a backwoodsman isn't a shaving to him—he is his own god. Give him a gun and he asks no odds—there's no varmint that crawls the earth can match him.

Zeb Short—he was only six feet two, used to be laughed at by the regulars, and he was no fool—he used to say he could take a backwoodsman by the heel and shake his liver out in no time. And yet was considered but a boy. I once saw Zeb have a 'tussle' with a bear, which set my blood a dancing, but it didn't seem to stir him out of his ordinary course. We were out hunting one morning—I was a novice in the business, but Zeb had seen play. When we came on track of a bear, Zeb primed his smooth bore—he never saw a percussion—and trailed on. I followed at a respectable distance, determined to have a shot. After tramping through sloughs, and shoving through under brush, he came in sight of him—the largest fellow two eyes ever looked on. I was for letting into him at once, but Zeb says he 'don't waste your powder man, I want to shoot him just under the off ear, that's the spot.' So I held up. He went on as fearlessly as if he was treading his own kitchen, with his shooting iron in his right hand, until he was within three paces of the monster.

The bear turned round and took a steady look at him. Zeb raised his gun to his shoulder and snapped. 'Confound this powder—it's as slow as a woman.' The bear walked towards him, and Zeb snapped again. No fire. The bear was now within two lengths of the gun, and Zeb kept snapping the old flint, but his gun wouldn't go. 'Shall I shoot Zeb?' 'No; if the gun won't go I'll knock him down with the butt end of it.' Just as he had spoken his foot caught in the brush, and over he went flat on his back—and dropped his gun. The bear was on him in an instant.

I raised my gun—but Zeb sung out 'fair play,' and I dropped it trembling all over. There he was rolling round on the ground, grappling with the fierce animal which was at least four times his weight, and not a weapon about him. I thought it was all over with the poor fellow. Presently he got one hand in the bear's mouth and grappled his tongue. The bear writhed like a serpent, and chawed away upon his arm as if it had been a stick. The cold drops run off my forehead, and I was about to fire, when he pulled his hand from the bear's mouth, ripping out his tongue by the roots. The bear bounded up in agony and run. Zeb was up in a twinkling. 'I guess you'll never hollow much more,' said he, and seizing his gun gave chase. They run about a hundred yards, and I after them, when they both together went plump into a slough. I could not help him, they were both rolling round so in the mud I could not tell which was the man and which was the bear. 'What shall I do, Zeb?' said I, almost paralyzed. 'Be striking a fire man,' said he, as he spit out the mud. 'I want to eat some of this fellow.' I could do nothing but look at him. There he was floundering in the mud with a great bear and nothing but his hands to help him. I considered him a dead man—but I was mistaken. As soon as the bear turned so that he had a chance he gripped him by the back of the neck and pushed his head, arm's length, down into the slough. 'There you varmint suck mud for breakfast.' The monster floundered like a vexed tiger. 'You may as well take it easy,' said Zeb—'it's no use kicking.'

Here was a sight man don't see every day of his life. A genuine Vermont hunter holding a bear down in the mud by main force, by the head as he would a child. Zeb looked on while the bear kicked as coolly as if he were wringing the neck of a chicken. Up to his middle in mud, and with a grave face holding the bear down as far as he could reach.

But my story is longer telling than it was doing. Suffice it, Zeb held him there till he was quiet, and dragging himself out of the mud, left the bear, tail up, in a slough. Winding his handkerchief round his arm, which was horribly mangled, he reported himself ready to continue his hunt.

This is but one instance, reader, of a bear hunt in Vermont, and I can vouch for its truth; but is enough to give you an idea how they manage things up there. I wonder what David Crockett would have done if he had been in Zeb's place, with all his alligators and steamboats. Why Zeb could tie a bear in a double

bow knot round him, and have both where they never could see day light again.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

Paris, August 1, 1837.

Democratic Republican Nomination.

FOR GOVERNOR.

GORMAN PARKES.

Oxford County Convention.

The DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICANS of the several Towns and organized Plantations of said County, are requested to send delegates to a Convention to be held at the Court House in Paris on WEDNESDAY, THE FIFTH DAY OF AUGUST NEXT, AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK A. M. for the purpose of selecting Candidates to be supported for the Senate, and for County Treasurer at the ensuing September election.

Per order of the County Committee.

July 17, 1837.

Democratic Caucus.

The DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICANS of the Town of Paris are hereby requested to meet at the Court-House in said town, on Saturday, the fifth day of August next, at five o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of choosing delegates to attend the County Convention to be held at the Court-House in said town on the 9th day of August next.—Per order of the Town Committee.

TIE ELECTION.

If four opponents entertained any portion of that confidence in the eventual success or merits of their cause, of which they boast so loudly, they would not think it necessary to stoop to such electioneering tricks as they now have resort to. They profess to believe that all the evils, physical or moral, which the people suffer, are to be attributed to the present administration, and if there is any good to be found or any alleviation of suffering to be hoped for, we must look to the great whig party for it. Then why not attempt to satisfy the people of this. Prove your positions and success is certain. The people will sustain those men and measures, that they believe are most conducive to the promotion of their best interests. It is true that they will not take the assertions merely of those who have for years deceived them. They will require some evidence, and none will be required from those who have a strong interest to produce a change, than from disinterested men. Still let our opponents make good their assertions and the people are with them. But here is the difficulty. They have been called on for proof as bad as Falstaff did actually, and probably for the same reason. It is easy to tell the people that the bad season of last year—the failure of the crops, and the high price of provisions were all owing to Gen. Jackson. It is equally easy to assure the people that the banks suspended specie payment—that merchants failed, and that much commercial distress prevailed, because Van Buren is President. It requires no great talent to assert that if Edward Kent were Governor and Daniel Webster President, money would be plenty and distress banished. What a pity it is for the whigs that the people will not take their word for all these things—that they will be so obstinate as to require some proof before they will be convinced. It is provoking to them to be called upon to give reasons when assertions are so easy, and reasons, that wear even the appearance of plausibility, are so difficult to be rendered. They must console themselves with the belief that the people are, as they are wont to represent them, ignorant and obstinate, unable to comprehend and unfit to manage the affairs of government. It is this belief alone which can afford them any encouragement. They foolishly flatter themselves that the people look only at the surface of things, that they will readily accept any suggestion that may be made as to the causes of events. For instance, provisions are high, money scarce, and business dull. The whigs think they have only to tell the people that it is all owing to the present administration, and that this explanation will be satisfactory—that the people will be induced thereby to change their politics in order to produce a change of times. Their error arises from the low estimation in which they hold the intelligence of the people, amounting almost to contempt. It would seem that they cannot be made to comprehend that, there is any such thing as fixed political principle. This is the anchor which keeps the people steadfast, notwithstanding the fluctuations of the times, and the defection or treachery of those in whom they may have trusted.—The principles avowed and advocated by the whig party are such as the people can never be brought to sanction or approve. The tendency of the whig party is towards democracy—radicalism if you choose to call it so—and it is absurd to suppose that they will go back to the exploded notions of our modern aristocracy.

PORTLAND TRANSCRIPT. We have received the 15th No. of this paper, which contains a notice that the Maine Monthly Magazine, to which we have heretofore repeatedly called the attention of our readers, has been discontinued and its list of subscribers transferred to the Transcript. Judging from the number before us we should suppose that the readers of the Magazine would not lose by the transfer. It has been matter of frequent remark that our State is backward in affording encouragement to the Literary Periodicals that have been attempted within its borders—that while we have reason to be proud of the literary talent among us, it is obliged to seek elsewhere for that support which is here denied it. This ought not so to be. Patronize the Transcript and we believe it will deserve it.

In compliance with the request of the Age, we inform our readers that the article in our paper of week before last on the North Eastern Boundary should have been credited to the Argus and not to the Age. The latter paper dissents from some of the doctrines therein contained.

Our farmers in this vicinity are about commencing their Haying. The prospect is that the crop will be a very light one, tho' we are inclined to think less so than many have anticipated. Other crops look well and promise favorably. Wheat, if it escapes the weevil, can hardly fail of a good crop. Corn is backward but if we are not visited with early frosts, will do something yet.

Potatoes look finely.

DANIEL WEBSTER A SABBATH BREAKER.

Mr. Editor.—Permit me to express the great grief with which I read an account in the papers of the manner in which this distinguished statesman spent the Sabbath while at St. Louis recently. The letter stated that he visited the public arsenal and the Jefferson barracks. At the latter place he was welcomed by the troops with colors flying, and the band playing martial music. A great part of the day was spent in visiting and examining the fort. Mr. Editor, I hope the religious community will frown, with

holy indignation, on this trampling the Sabbath under foot by an individual who occupies so prominent a place in the National Councils.—This is not the first time that he has shown his disregard of God's holy day. I hope there is sufficient piety left among us to rebuke such high-handed desecration of the Sabbath. I believe Mr. W. was once a member of an evangelical church, and had some reputation for piety. If so, his present course is still more reprehensible. I sincerely hope every religious newspaper of every name, will raise its note of censure against this wickedness in high places. Mr. Webster's Western tour will prove to have been the source of immense injury to the country, however much it may subserve his personal interests, if he thus lend his influence to the multitudes who are seeking to break down the Sabbath, that sheet anchor of our civil and religious liberties. I do not believe he would venture to outrage the feelings of his constituents in Massachusetts by such proceedings.—Has he not, then, moral principle enough to act out New England principles in the West? If our great men pursue this course, we hope that the religious press at least, and all who wish well to the cause of religion, will loudly remonstrate against it.

A FRIEND OF THE SABBATH.

The federal party labor diligently to give the impression, that the United States are heavily indebted to England.—It is in every point of view untrue, and their sophistry ought often to be exposed. The United States do not owe England a dollar, the debts are due from individual merchants, who have imported twice as many goods as they can pay for, Bankers, brokers and shavers who have overtraded in the exchanges ten times the amount of their capital. These are the men who form the van ground of the Bank party in this country, led on by their great idol Nick Biddle. Their grand object is to control the currency of the country, and through the expansion and contraction of the banks to raise and depress the value of property, and thus enable themselves to amass fortunes by plundering the industry of the nation—when by a series of visionary speculations they have incurred liabilities equal to twenty times the amount of their means, and when they have caused overbanking by their control over the Banks, deranged the foreign and domestic exchanges and brought themselves to the verge of bankruptcy; they then call on the General Government to come forward to their assistance,—restore the exchanges, which they have destroyed, and save them from the effects of their own folly. They would have a United States Bank, and that would replace their lost fortunes which have so strangely evaporated. Not satisfied with compelling the Banks to suspend specie payments, and thereby to cheat the industrious classes out of ten or fifteen millions of dollars, by flooding the country with their depreciated rags, they would require the Government to come to their aid, put in their power to re-enact the same farce, through the instrumentality of a new Bank. What right have this class of men to demand the assistance of Government to the exclusion of all other classes?—The General Government are not bound to regulate the exchanges, if they had the power, and they could not if they undertook it. Let the mercantile community do an honest and discreet business, and the exchanges will regulate themselves. Let Congress divorce the operations of the Treasury entirely from the States, from all Banks and private incorporations. Let the revenue be collected and disbursed in specie or by Treasury certificates, and drafts drawn on actual funds, and payable in specie in any part of the Union, and there further derangement of the exchanges. The creation of a United States Bank would, no doubt, be one of the greatest calamities that could be inflicted upon the country, and we trust that the Bankites will receive their final defeat on that question at the ensuing session of Congress.—Bangor Republican.

By returns received from Hancock and Washington Congressional District, it appears that Joseph C. Noyes, the federal candidate, has been elected Representative. This result is attributable, not to any gain on the part of the whigs, for they have thrown but a few more votes than at the Sept. election, but to the apathy of our democratic friends, who have cast about one half the number of votes thrown by them in September. The unfortunate divisions existing in the democratic ranks in that district, has also, perhaps more than any other cause, assisted in giving the federal party their predominance. The gain of a Representative in Lincoln District will offset the loss of this one, and we trust that Hancock and Washington will give such an account of themselves next fall as to bury in oblivion their present delinquency.—East. Rep.

There probably never was such a heterogeneous mass of materials, since the days of building the tower of Babel, as that of which the present Whig party is made up. As it regards constitutional questions, in the North they are latitudinarians; in the South they are strict constructionists, cavilling at the ninth part of a hair. At the north they are the advocates of granting bank charters *ad infinitum*, regardless altogether, it would seem, of a specie basis; at the west, they are crying out lustily against banks. For example. The Whig Convention at Columbus, Ohio, passed resolutions denouncing banks and the banking system. And yet the Whigs at the North are calling the Democrats unmercifully hard names, because the latter are in favor of enlarging the specie basis and of diminishing the huge fabric of paper. Verily, the Whigs are consistent.—Skowhegan Sentinel.

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## SPURIOUS BANK NOTES—LOOK OUT!

There are rumors about town in relation to a recent money-making affair, which we deem it our duty to lay before the public.

The story is, that certain speculators, principally from New York, after two unsuccessful attempts to obtain control of Banks in this State already incorporated, have purchased the charter of the *Oxford County Bank*, an institution chartered in 1836, but not organized within the time prescribed by law, and consequently having no legal existence. That having obtained the charter they proceeded to organize under it, in defiance of the law of limitation—elected their officers—and have taken the necessary measures to issue their bills in the city of New York. The person named as President resides in this city—but as the business was done in secret, and we have no means of being sure in relation to it, we forbear to give his name to the public. If these facts are true—and they have been freely talked of here for several days, without being contradicted—it is time the public were made acquainted with them. The *Oxford County Bank* can have no legal existence, and the whole transaction, (if it has not been misrepresented) is a bold fraud upon the community. Its bills will not be worth a groat, and those who issue them will subject themselves to severe punishment. It will be neither more nor less than swindling.

If any of the facts stated, are not true, we will cheerfully make the necessary corrections. —*Eastern Argus.*

The Biddle men are extremely indignant at Mr. Kendall for his letter to the Philadelphia committee, in which he alludes to the wicked trick of sending to England every dollar of the specie which could be forced from our banks or bought from individuals, under pretence of its being necessary in order to pay what we owe to that country. They say he displays excessive meanness in not wishing to see American merchants pay their debts. These same men said nothing about Mr. Biddle suspending specie payments at the time that he arrogantly boasted he was abundantly able to go on, or of his refusing, daily, at his counter, Bills of the old Bank, whose charter by law has expired, in payment of checks and discounted paper belonging to his new Bank. This they said, has flooded the country with paper which he disclaims, when payment is asked, having any thing to do with, and has received for it Bills of local banks and specie. Hence the recent dividend and surplus of which he so much boasts. If American merchants are bound in duty and honor to pay specie, Mr. Biddle should surely set them the example, for it was his borrowing and his manoeuvres which got the balance against us. He has managed, in connection with the Bank of England, to get the price of American produce down to a ruinous ebb, and he will in a short time get it up again. He has now turned Cotton speculator and is sending cargo after cargo of the article, (purchased here on his own terms), to the very country where he says all others must send specie. And yet no person, (not even the principal members of the American government) must say ought against him or his diabolical measures. If they do, he has but to "cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war." The hounds will be out in full chace, and he must be a fortunate man who can escape being hunted down and destroyed. —*N. Y. Times.*

The Ken. Journal says that Mr. Parks was a warm opposer of the administrations of Jefferson and Madison. Mr. Parks was one year old when Jefferson was elected, and nine when Madison was elevated to the Presidency. —*Wasn't Mr. Parks a precocious youth, to be engaged in political controversies at that age?* —Age.

**THE PRICE OF SUPPRESSED SPEECH.**—There is probably not an individual in the United States who could now obtain so much for holding his tongue as did John Randolph on the following occasion:

The late John Randolph of Roanoke, says the *Baltimore Sun* in the year 1813, when the New York Banks suspended specie payments, had a remittance of some thousand dollars made him from England. It covered the whole of one of his tobacco crops, and the funds were locked up in the vaults of the Bank of America. Mr. Randolph was that time in the prime of life, in the full enjoyment of unequalled popularity. He repaired to New York, and demanded his funds in specie. "It cannot be had," was the prompt reply. "It must be had," was the laconic response of Mr. Randolph. "The Bank was incorrigible till the succeeding day, when the columns of the New York Columbian announced, by advertisement, that that evening, at three o'clock, the Honorable John Randolph of Roanoke, would address the people on the subject of Banks and the frauds they committed, from the steps of the Bank of America!" It is scarcely necessary to say that before the hour arrived, every farthing demanded by Mr. Randolph was paid over in specie.

Will the yeomanry of the country suffer themselves to be deceived by the silly and extravagant statements of the opposition, respecting the causes of our present commercial embarrassments? There has been throughout the whole commercial world a spirit of extravagance, speculation and overtrading the consequence of which has been that in the United States, Great Britain, France, and Europe generally, up to the Mediterranean, and even in the East Indies, the commercial world has been thrown into a state of embarrassment and distress.

Can the people of the United States be made to believe that all this is owing to the measures of the administration? Was it the administration that induced the Bank of the U. S. to lend its money with such profusion as to excite and stimulate the spirit of speculation throughout the country? Was it the administration that incorporated new banks all over the country, inundating the community with a baseless paper currency? Was it the administration that granted loans from these banks to an immense extent, to men without property and without resources of their own, and in this way festered the spirit of wild speculation that the Bank of the U. S. had excited? Was it Gen. Jackson or his successor, Mr. Van Buren, who sent all the specie out of the country and ordered the banks to stop specie payments? We thought that General Jackson, by his measures, was endeavoring to provide against this state of things, by increasing the quantity of specie and restraining, as far as practicable, the excessive issues of paper. Was it the administration that produced the present embarrassment and distress in Great Britain—that has shut up its factories and bankrupted its merchants? Was it the measures of the administration that has caused the present distress in Paris, in Lyons, and in the other commercial and manufacturing towns of France? Has the trade and the internal prosperity of the other nations of Europe been crippled and brought to a stand, by Mr. Van Buren? Is it to the measures of General Jackson or of Mr. Van Buren that we are to attribute the commercial distress of India and the East? Or, to come nearer home and descend to smaller things, was it through the malign influence of Mr. Van Buren that our lumber did not get to the Mills last season, and that our logs were left lying on the banks of our rivers from the deficiency of water? Was it owing to the measures of the administration that the crops were cut off the last season—that bread stuffs are so high, and provisions so scarce? If you would believe the several politicians, all these calamities, and many more, are to be traced to the measures of our State and national administrations. What is the remedy they would prescribe? Only elect Mr. Kent Governor of Maine, and the whole world will be relieved. —[The Jeffersonian.]

From the Downaster.

## CANADA.

Affairs look squally in this quarter. Public meetings are becoming more frequent—the people assume a boldness in the avowal of their hostility to the home government, which has greatly alarmed the powers that be. Lord Gosford, the Governor, has issued his proclamation, prohibiting these assemblages of the inhabitants. His address concludes in the following words:

"I do, therefore, by and with the advice and consent of his Majesty's Executive Council of this province, hereby most solemnly exhort all the subjects of his Majesty in this province to unite in the cause of peace and good order, to discontinue all writings of a seditious tendency, and to eschew all meetings of a dangerous or equivocal character; and I do hereby enjoin and strictly command all magistrates in and throughout the province, all officers of Militia, Peace officers and others, his Majesty's good subjects therein to oppose and frustrate the seditious designs adverted to in this Proclamation, and to preserve by their loyal co-operation, the vigour and inviolability of the Laws, on which their religion and future happiness depend."

The 33rd Regiment, (says the *Yarmouth*), (N. S.) Herald stationed at Halifax, has been ordered to Canada, and sailed for Quebec in H. M. Ships Vestal and Clumpion, on the 6th ult. It is reported that further reinforcements are also to be made to the troops in Canada.

The *Woodstock Times* of the 11th ult. has the following:

[Extract of a Letter from Fredericton, to a friend in Woodstock.]—Papeau the Agitator of Canada, is reported to have raised the standard of Rebellion. One regiment has already been despatched from Halifax, and two others hold themselves in readiness to embark at a moment's warning. It is expected that the 43d will be ordered off also.

**Lightning.**—It should be more generally known that in very many cases, persons who have been struck dead, apparently, by lightning, may be restored by pouring cold water freely over them. —*N. H. Telegraph.*

A remarkable instance of resurrection from a stroke of lightning, by the use of water, fell under our observation several years ago. About ten in the morning in the middle of July, during a steady rain, without the slightest apprehension of a thunder storm, the lightning descended with such tremendous effect as to strike several houses at a mile's distance from each other. The concussion was so great as to cause the church bell to ring. Nearly opposite to one of the houses which were stricken and rent to pieces, a young gentleman was thrown from his seat in his store, where he remained several minutes before he was discovered. A friend, in passing, observed him lying on his back apparently dead. He immediately went in removed him to the counting room, stripped his breast and his neck, and dashed a bucket of cold water in his face. He soon showed signs of life, and was taken home and put into bed, where he remained senseless until five in the afternoon. It was several weeks before he recovered. When it was told him what had happened, he was entirely ignorant that he had been struck by lightning, and stated that he was unconscious of the shock, or the slightest degree of pain. His eyes however were so severely affected that he did not recover the use of them for several months. —*N. Y. Gaz.*

**THE GERMANS.**—Many persons, at a distance, can have little idea of the number of Germans, that compose different communities, around us. We have often wandered among the thriving, industrious and virtuous portion of our fellow citizens. There is an air of neatness, frugality and content not met elsewhere. They are a peculiar people—and yet with that native shrewdness which does not permit others to overreach them.

Well would it be for our agricultural regions, had they more GERMAN FARMERS. They always understand this pursuit—and what is equally important, are not too idle to attend to it. Like the native agriculturists of our land, they make their domains blossom like the rose, under their prudent and sagacious toil.

The *National Gazette* well observes that there are some parts of the Northern Liberties so thickly settled with Germans, that a looker-on might almost deem himself in the fatherland of marvels, metaphysics and music. Many signs of the stores are in German, the buyers and sellers are German, the market people and waggoners are German, and an infinitude of little urchins in the streets discourse in the dialect. National affairs, politics, and small talk are treated in German in numerous houses of public entertainment; instructive lectures are delivered on week days, and orthodox sermons on Sundays; indeed some of the most eloquent divines of the city are Germans, but their mental fire is kindled in vain for the American population who hear them not. There are also numerous clubs and associations; a newspaper too is printed, which we suppose enjoys abundant patronage. The German Guards are most military in their appearance and discipline, and their bands of music are rich, full and strong, and are so devoted to improving themselves, that in time we shall hear martial music given with the perfection which accompanies its execution in Europe. As a climax, we see it announced that the German theatre has been started in the Northern Liberties, composed of amateur performers. Panegyric has been often invoked in aid of the solid virtues of this class of our population. They are distinguished for their reverence of the laws, and their quiet acquiescence and generous confidence in the institutions of the country. They are not partakers in the system of riots or in the creeds of political turbulence. Independent of the intrinsic good arising from this spirit, the example set is highly desirable and beneficial, and exercises a strong though unseen influence on other portions of the community.

**AN AMAZON.** At Fair Haven, on the evening of the 3d inst, Mr. Warren Potter was engaged with several other persons in hauling a gun to a proper station and otherwise preparing for a salute on the morning of the 4th. This misadventure of time gave some offence to his good lady, and after every thing became quiet, she went out and spiked the gun—so that next morning when the bell rung, and her husband and others repaired to the gun, they found it in an unspeakable condition, so that the company assembled had to depend on the piece placed on the other side of the river, for their morning salute. This lady a number of years ago, then Miss Emily Dorothy, at the time the Eagle Bank failed, in which institution she had some interest, threatened to chastise Mr. Hooley, the president of that bank, and actually came into the city and sought opportunity to carry her intentions into execution. She was abundantly able to do him what she called "equal and exact justice." Mrs. P. is generally a good neighbor—but like her own way sometimes. She is no small democrat, after all—and had she been invited to take part in making arrangements, as she should have been there would have been no failure in the morning salute. Mrs. P. has not yet "put up the gun." [New Haven Register.]

**Prospects.** We have account from every section of our County which represent the crops as in a flourishing condition. Wheat, Rye, and Oats never promised better. But little corn has been planted, but the weather for the last two or three weeks has been favorable for that, and has put it in a state of forwardness. In consequence of but little rain having lately fallen, the crop of hay, particularly in old fields, will be rather light. It will, however, be much easier to reduce the stock to the quantity of hay, than families to the quantity of bread stuff that might be produced.

**The Prospect seems to be brightening somewhat.** The price of cotton in France and England is on the advance—Lumber in this State begins to "command a sale"—our crops look flourishing—money is becoming "easier" in our cities—and democratic principles are daily gaining ground.—lb.

**A Dilemma.** A fellow entered the passage in the "Rialto," New Orleans between the bar and barbers' shop. He had only one solitary bit, and a long beard and a confounded thirst. He wanted to be shaved, and he also wanted to be half-shaved. What to do he knew not for a moment; but while ruminating upon his condition a thought struck him to toss up his bit—heads, shave—tails, Julep. Up went the bit and up came heads—"That's not fair," said he, and up goes the bit again, for seven successive times, and heads it was. Still it was not fair play. Finally, up came tails—"that's fair, the long beard may go to the—!" and down went the mint julep. [Piquette.]

**Steamboat Accident.**—The new steam ferry boat Union commenced running on Wednesday between Alexandria and the opposite side of the

Potomac. The passage for the day was free, and after making several trips the boat was about leaving the opposite shore for Alexandria, when her boiler collapsed, and, dreadful to relate, three persons (the engineer's wife and a black man and woman,) were instantly killed. Several other persons were badly scalded, and some were blown into the river, and saved by those present who were uninjured.

**Further Particulars.**—It appears that the lamentable accident related above originated from the circumstance, (which has been almost the invariable cause of these accidents, if so they can be called)—that is, neglect of the engineer to let off the steam while remaining on the Maryland shore. This, it is thought, was done in order to loose no power, and to make a good exhibition of the velocity of the boat on its return to the opposite shore. One of the first victims of this disaster was the wife of the engineer himself, who was on board; she was immediately killed, her body being frightfully mangled. The interposition of a merciful Providence ought not to be lost sight of in this event. The explosion occurred a few minutes before the boat started, while a great number of the passengers were yet on shore, whose lives were thus mercifully preserved. Had the explosion been delayed but a few seconds, there is no knowing how many more lives might have been lost as well by drowning as by the explosion. While therefore, we condole with the sufferers, let us not be unthankful for the preservation of many survivors. —*Nat Int.*

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

## DREADFUL TORNADO.

SOUTH HANOVER, INDIANA, IN RUINS.

**South Hanover, July 6.**—"I sit down in haste to give you some account of a scene the most terrific and appalling I have ever witnessed! Our village that yesterday was peaceful and cheerful is now in ruins. Yesterday evening about 6 o'clock the heavens were the appearance of a coming storm, and in one hour a most fearful tornado burst upon us, sweeping over our village in devastation, (though praised be a merciful God, not in death.) The scene was terrific beyond my power of description. The boarding house here has the whole of one gable end torn out. Mr. Young's store, a substantial brick building, is a heap of ruins—Dr. Matthew's house is taken off at the eaves—the house in which Mr. Bishop lived, on the hill, is torn to fragments—one end of Col. Morrow's house is torn to the ground—Mr. Chever's house is torn to pieces—the college roof is ridged, and the wind level almost with the ground, and about one fourth of the eastern wall of the main building lying scattered over the earth—Professor Nile's house is torn up from its very foundation, the very floors and sills are carried away—all the furniture and the professor's library are totally lost. Mr. Butler occupied the house; fortunately there was none of them at home. The new steam saw mill is destroyed. These are but some of the principal losses: some ten or fifteen other buildings, dwellings, out-houses, shops, &c. are destroyed. Trees of all sizes and kinds are torn up and dashed to atoms. There are but few buildings in the place, especially in the northern and central parts of it, where all the most important buildings are, that are not racked and seriously injured. The streets are covered with fragments. This was the work of certainly less than five minutes—yet wonderful as it appears, amidst the crash of falling buildings, the fury of the bursting tempest, the peals of thunder, and the vivid glare of lightning, not a soul in Hanover or its vicinity was either killed or seriously injured.

We understand that Capt. Robinson, the gentleman who was shot by Ward, is not dead; and there is some prospect of his recovery.—Amputation of his leg will be necessary. —Sent.

## MARRIED.

In Rumford, Mr. Wm. Burke of Portland, to Mrs. Betsy Ward.  
In York, Mr. Wm. M. Todd to Miss Lorina Rainsdell.

## DIED.

Drowned, in Greenwood, 4th inst. Calvin B. son of the late Nathan Foster, Jr. of Norway, aged 12 years.  
In Kittery, Capt. John Dennell, aged 65.  
In Levant, Miss Abigail A. Hodson, aged 16.

**COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.**—Paris, NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident owners of lands in the town of Paris, County of Oxford and State of Maine, that the same are taxed in the bills committed for collection to the undersigned Collector of said Paris for the year 1836, in their respective sums following, to wit:—

Names of owners.	No. of Lots.	Range.	No. of Acres.	Value.	County Tax.	State Tax.
Unk. South part of	20	4	85	125 081		
Unk. North part of	1	1	08	228 146		
Bonj. Jackson, S. part of 27 & 28	3	65	132	56		
Unk. North part of	10	3	110	272 177		
Jeduthan Wellington, N.	18	5	40	160 144		
W. part of						
Unknown part of	3	4	7	50 150		
Berry, Levi, Jr. part of	10	7	42	126 52		
Unk. N. East part of	10	6	80	400 260		

Unless said taxes and all intervening charges are paid to the subscriber on or before Saturday the twenty-fifth day of Nov. next, so much of said land will then be sold at Public Auction as will discharge the same, at the Store of Francis Hemis in said town of Paris on said day at one o'clock P. M.

BENJAMIN STEVENS, Collector of Paris for 1836.  
BETHEL ACADEMY. Trustee-Meeting. THE Trustees of Bethel Academy are hereby notified that their annual meeting will be held at the Academy in Bethel, on the last Tuesday of August next, at one o'clock in the afternoon.

## COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

Carthage. NOTICE is hereby given to the nonresident proprietors and owners of lands in the town of Carthage in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, that the same are taxed for the year 1836 for County and Town taxes in the bills committed to the undersigned Collector of said Carthage by the town Assessors and remain unpaid as follows:—

Names of proprietors if known.	No. of Lots.	No. of Ranges.	No. of Acres.	Value.	County Tax.	Town Tax.
Wm. Bowley, or unknown, North half of Lyman Curtis	1	8	80	58 1,15		
Turner Pratt, or unknown, North West part of E. Hutchinson, North half of Wm. Bowley, South half of D. Dooling, or unknown	1	13	100	180 2,30		
North West part of E. Hutchinson, North half of Wm. Bowley, South half of D. Dooling, or unknown	1	14	57	30 69		
Wm. Bowley, South half of D. Dooling, or unknown	2	8	80	50 1,15		
Wm. Bowley, South half of D. Dooling, or unknown	2	11	160	50 1,15		
Wm. Bowley, South half of D. Dooling, or unknown	2	12	160	100 2,30		
J. Pratt, or unknown	2	14	160	50 1,15		
J. Pratt, or unknown	3	15	160	70 1,61		
Owner unknown	1	4	100	40 92		
do	1	6	100	50 1,15		
do	1	16	72	70 1,61		
do	2	4	160	58 1,15		
do	3	3	160	60 1,38		
do	3	4	160	100 2,30		
do	3	13	127	108 2,80		
do	4	4	160	100 2,30		
do	5	4	160	100 2,30		
do	6	1	160	50 1,15		
do	6	1	118	20 46		
do	7	1	117	30 69		
do	7	10	96	40 92		
do	8	2	80	89 1,84		
do	15	35		25 56		
do	8	2	80	69 1,38		
do	8	2	80	15 35		
do	8	3	160	60 1,38		
do	8	11	60	40 92		
do	9	9	80	40 92		
do	9	10	80	45 1,04		
do	50	1,15				
do	1	4	100	45 1,09		
do	2	3	18			

The said Collector will proceed according to law to sell at public auction to the highest bidder at the School House near Robert Potter's in said town of Carthage at one o'clock in the afternoon on the first day of December next, so much of said lands as shall be sufficient to discharge said taxes and the necessary intervening charges, if no person shall appear on or before that time to discharge said taxes and charges.

DANIEL STICKNEY, Collector.

Carthage, July 20, 1837.

To the Honorable Court of County Commissioners and for the County of Oxford, June Term A. D. 1837.

THE inhabitants of the town of Paris in said County by their undersigned Committee, duly chosen for the purpose, humbly pray, that the county road located on the petition of Otis C. Bolster & others be discontinued; or that so much thereof as is located in the town of Paris may be discontinued; or that the portion thereof of Foxwell Swan's to near Lazarus Hathaway's in said town be discontinued. They feel confident a route can be shown far less expensive and much more convenient for the public than the one located as aforesaid. Especially do they believe that as a substitute for the lower part of said route, a road should be located commencing near said Swan's—thence through the Willis valley, so called, in the best direction to said Hathaway's, and thence pray that the same may be located and established accordingly—and if upon examination thereof, this route should be deemed inexpedient they pray that such an examination may be made, as to the best route from the line of Woodstock, near Job Hathaway's, to River's Mill in said Paris, passing on the eastern or western side of Little Androscoggin River, as shall be found expedient—and that so much of the aforesaid road located as aforesaid, as may be thereby rendered unnecessary, be discontinued.

JOHN PORTER.  
MOSES HAMMOND.  
HENRY R. PARSONS.

## STATE OF MAINE.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners begun and holden at Paris within and for the County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of June A. D. 1837.

On the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested that the County Commissioners will meet at the house of Eleazer Dunham Jr. in Paris, on Monday the twenty-fifth day of September next at nine o'clock A. M. when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses; by causing attested copies of said petition and of this order of notice thereon to be served on the Clerks of said towns of Woodstock and Paris, and on the County Attorney of said County of Oxford, and by posting up like copies in three public places in each of said towns of Woodstock, and Paris, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the *Oxford Democrat* printed at Paris, the first of said publications and each of the other notices to be at least thirty days before the time of said meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear and shew cause, if any they have why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

A true copy of Petition and Order thereon.

Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

## Sheriff's Sale.

OXFORD, ss.—Taken on execution and will be sold at public auction at the Inn of Simeon C. Gleason in Mexico on Saturday the 26th day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, all the right, title, and interest which John Ibrass has in the Farm on which he now lives, situated in Mexico—the same having been attached on the original writ.

ISAAC PARK, Dept. Sheriff.

Mexico, July 10th, 1837.

## Sheriff's Sale.

OXFORD, ss.—Taken on execution and will be sold at public auction at the Inn of Simeon C. Gleason in Mexico on Saturday the 26th day of August next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, all the right, title, and interest which James R. Mitchell has in the Farm on which he now lives, situated in Mexico—the same having been attached on the original writ.

ISAAC PARK, Dept. Sheriff.

Mexico, July 10th, 1837.

## Commissioners' Notice.

WE, the undersigned, having been duly appointed by the Hon. Stephen Emery, Judge of Probate within and for the County of Oxford, to receive and examine the claims of creditors to the estate of

PHINEAS STEVENS, late of Rumford, deceased, represented insolvent, hereby give notice, that six months from the third day of May last past are allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and that we shall attend to that service at the office of Lyman Rawdon in Rumford in said county, on Monday the second and twenty-third days of October, and the twentieth day of November next, from one to five o'clock in the afternoon of each of said days.

Dated at Rumford, July 17, 1837.

ALVAN HOLSTER, } Commissioners  
SPENCER DRAKE, } on said estate.

## SEED BEADS.

JUST received at the Oxford Bookstore, a prime assortment of Seed Beads. W. E. GOODNOW.

Norway-Village, July 20th, 1837.

## LEVI STOWELL,

COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

Has removed from Dixfield to Paris.



